

# The Art of Courtship



This may be Printed, R. L. S.

Printed for I. Back, on London-Bridge.



# The Art of Courtship ;

O R,

## The School of Delight,

Containing *Amorous Dialogues*, Complementary Expressions, Poems, Letters, and Discourses upon sundry occasions; relating to Love and business : Pleasant New Songs, and Directions for Courtship and behaviour ; And rules for carving of *Flesh, Fish, Fowl*, and cutting up *Pastry* : Also to distinguish the best Pieces, and decently to serve a Table after the most Modish and Courty manner.

With other delightful and profitable things, necessary for the accomplishment of all Persons.

*To which is added,*

The signification of *M O L E S*, in any part of the Body, in relation to good and bad fortunes.

As likewise The Interpretation of *Dreams*, as they presage happiness or unhappiness to Men and Women, In all Stations and Conditions. Very Profitable and advantageous to all Persons.

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THE  
Art of Courtship;  
OR,  
*The School of Delight.*

*An Amorous Dialogue between Thomas and Sarah ; Or, The ready way of Wooing.*

Thomas. OH my Love, how happy am I, thus accidentally to meet you! alas my dear, why blush you? why turn you that face away, on which with delight I could gaze (wou'd the brittle thread of Life continue) Ages without number.

Sarah. Ah! how you flatter me now? truly Tom, I did not think you had been so deep read in the Mystery of Courtship; yet I am too wise to credit all that Men say: Yes, yes, my Mother told me indeed, that men had deluding Tongues, and charged me never to trust 'em.

Tom. Cruel Maid, can you, after all the Expressions of a real passion, which I have



**The Art of Courtship ; Or,**  
have many ways demonstrated, believe that  
I am in jest or can be false.

*Sarah.* Nay *Tom*, I know not but you may,  
for adad, my mother says, there's not one in  
forty mile that mean (indeed and good ear-  
nest) what they pretend.

*Tom.* Then by all that is good in you,  
and my self I vow.

*Sarah.* O fie *Tom*, nay, no swearing, for  
I had rather believe you than you should use  
any vain Expressions.

*Tom.* And you do believe me real, and  
that I love you above what words are capa-  
ble of Expressing? above all that I can wish  
or think, referring to things on this side  
Heaven.

*Sarah.* Adad, if I thought so, i'de tell you  
more of my mind—— Well, if you will be  
constant and faithful——But why do I talk of  
that? especially if I consider what my mo-  
ther told me?

*Tom.* Come, come, no more of Ambi-  
guity, let doubts cease, and try my Love;  
kindled by a flame as bright as the Planet of  
the day; a love that is lasting, and cannot  
be extinguish'd by want of Jealousie.

*Sarah.* If I thought so—— Well, to be  
plain with you *Tom*, for I can't hide it no  
longer; if you love me as you say, let us

*The School of Delight.*

be married as soon as you will, and then do  
as you please, as for our Fortunes you know  
are but mean, and I am not insensible of  
yours, I hate to see a man of your parts pine  
and whine. come, come, lets make an end  
on't if it must be so.

*Thom.* Now you revive me, and as it were  
call back my fading Spirits.

It shall be as you say, this day shall be,  
The happy Nuptial, joyful day to me,  
If you consent to be my charming Bride,  
All cares I'll banish, and while by my side  
You panting lye, night shall your blushes hide,  
Night, that kind coverture of infant love,  
Shall make you know how dear, how kind I'll  
(prove.

S. I yield and if a power remain in me,  
To make you happy, nought shall wanting be.

T. Then let us haste and tie the Nuptial  
(Bands,  
Since hearts are joyn'd, we'll quickly joyn our  
(Hands.

*A Dialogue between Amintas and Priscilla :*

*Or, The Willing Lovers.*

*P* Say, why are you of late so drowsie grown  
why o're your face is melancholly thrown  
A. The cause is from within, a mighty grief  
That strongly struggles, 'ain would have relief

*P.*

**The Art of Courtship; Or,**

**P.** Whence sprung it? speak does it proceed from Love?

Before it cannot, that you'll ne'r approve.

**A.** Ah, fair *Priscilla*, you have found it now  
And what you say I blushing must allow;  
'Tis ore my heart great love doth tyrannize

**P.** But who is she that could thy heart sur-  
(prize?)

**A.** A Beauty gay and lovely as the morn,  
When *Rosie* blushes does it's face adorn,  
And pearly dew's o're *Flora's* face does shade  
The fairest creature Nature ever made.

**P.** Has she no name? who is she? tell me  
(true,

**A.** Ah dear *Priscilla*, fair one, it is you.

**P.** Me! O, it cannot be, I have no charms,  
But Nature cast me roughly from her arms,

**A.** 'Tis only you can cure my wounded  
(heart,

From your bright eyes was shot the wounding  
(Dart,

**P.** Do not thus flatter to deceive a maid,  
Whose yielding heart is easily betray'd.

**A.** No words of course you hear that come  
(and go,

But such as from entire affection flow.

**P.** Cou'd I believe ye true, you soon should  
That I am to no cruelty inclin'd. (find

**A.** Nothing more joys me, then to hear  
your name, Though

*The School of Delight.*

Though hitherto I have conceal'd my flame?  
That it might brighter burn, and I be blest  
When of your dearest self I was posselt.

P. was I confirm'd in this, with joy i'de flye  
Into your Arms and in your bosom lye.

A. Mistrust me not thou fairest of that kind  
A love than mine more true you ne'r can find

P. I must believe, or dare I longer doubt,  
Thus arm in arm we'l wear our ages out;  
Till death to blest *Elizium* us convey,

A. we will my joy, & this thrice happy day }  
We'l memorize with Festival and play. }  
And to all lovers a kind pattern be,  
Whilst both our hearts as if in one agree.

*The different Effects in LOVE; Or,  
A discourse between Will and Ned.*

Ned. **W**ELL, Brother Will, how sped  
you with your mistress the o-  
ther day? I perceiv'd you push'd the matter  
home; Come, come, prithee tell me man, how  
it fared with you, for I observe by your coun-  
tenance, you are wonderfully pleased.

Will. How can I otherways, when so fair,  
so soft, so kind and charming a creature has  
cast her self into my arms, and met my pas-  
sion with an equal flame?

N. You

**The Art of Courtship; Or,**

**P.** You are a happy man if it be so: *Venus* was kind in ruling your **Nativity**: But Ah!

**M.** How's this *Ned*?— Why Man, what makes you sigh? sure you han't fell in love with a cross *Mistress*, have you?

**P.** Your guess is right; that heart which long withstood the flatteries of mighty love, and unconcerned beat back the dazzling beams of brightest beauty, at last is stormed, by a cruel fair one, who let's me languish without hope.

**M.** Fie, fie, it cannot be; can you the witty gallant and the brave, languish for one who is regardless of your pain? Come, rouse up man, and banish such a servile love, be your self, and you have conquerd it.

**P.** As soon may Prisoners loaded with strong chains, break from their Iron durance, as I break the Chains of love: No, though she be cruel, yet I still must love, and wound the Air with sighs, as when the wind from hollow rocks, sends an imperfect murmur.

**M.** Surely you are in jest?

**P.** In jest, say you, if it be a jest it is a true one; a jest which makes me covit Solitude, and shun those Recreations I was wont to Glory in; a jest, made worse by what you tell, and makes me do what ne'r before I did, Envy your happiness, since I am miserable.

**M.** No

### **The School of Delight.**

**III.** No more of this, Psha-- 'tis but  
counterfeit; come, come along thou whining  
sneaking pretending Lover; or if it be true  
We'l to the place where joy & mirth abound  
In Songs & Masques we'l thy Passion drown'd  
Whilst thou shalt scorn the scorner, & be free  
From her that held thee in Captivity:

'Tis Musick, Wine, and Voices that remove,  
The pangs and tortures of a fruitless love.  
**P.** I'll go and try, though tryal may be vain,  
And if I'm freed, I'll ne'r be taught again,

### *Complemental Expressions, and Love Posies.*

**S**IR, the joy to see you is more than words  
can utter.

Sir, 'tis you alone, next Heaven, on whom  
I must relye; your favours are so many, that  
my heart has scarcely room to contain them.

Sir, I am proud to be your Servant, and  
desire no more but to enjoy that name.

Sir, your Wisdom and Eloquence is so  
Charming, that I must needs admire you.

Sir, the Excellencies with which you are  
endued, are many, and even beyond expres-  
sion.

Sir,



**The Art of Courtship; Or,**

Sir, your friendship I cover above all others, and am proud to be ranked amongst the number of those you are pleased to term your Friends.

Madam, your Beauties are so rare, and your actions so tempting, that I must wear your Chains, and count it a blessing to be your Slave.

Madam, wounded by your fair Eyes, I languish.

Madam, you are the fair Physician that can only cure the distemper of my mind.

Lady, 'tis your Vertues I admire, for that more than Beauty adorns the Female Sex.

Lady, I am Ravished with your Charming Voice, whose power is as great as that of *Orpheus*, in compelling the attention of admiring mortals.

Madam, In your Cheeks the Roses and the Lillies strive for mastery, and on you wait a pomp of winning Graces.

Lady, be pleased to rank me amongst your meanest Servants, and I shall make it the business of my life to do you pleasure.

Lady, I am all your own, command me in what you please, and you shall be obeyd,

Fairest of Creatures, O that I could find words to expresse how much I love.

Madam,

The School of Delight.

Madam, you are fair and cruel, your beauty made the wound you now refuse to cure.

P O S I E S.

My Love shall be,	Till life is past,
For ever free,	My love shall last,
Naught shall divide,	My love I place
The knot we've ty'd	On thy sweet face.
By Death alone,	'Tis thou in me,
It is undone.	Shall happy be.
My joy thou art;	and hast my heart.

*A Letter in Verse, from a Love-sick Youth  
to a scornful Maid.*

(sad breast  
**W**hilst Gales of sighs were sent from my  
And thoughts of you would give my eyes  
(no rest,  
Snatching a mid-night tapor straight to write  
I did begin, but tears so dull'd my sight,  
That pardon if some blots do here appear,  
Whilst I entreat you be as kind as fair,  
Pitty the man who sighs and pines for you,  
The man who vows for ever to be true ;  
And thinks that nothing for you is too good,  
O give me some though but *Camelians* food  
Let me have hopes, although I feed on air,  
And run me not thus headlong to despair :  
Send me a Cordial, dearest, or I dye,

'Tis

**The Art of Courtship ; Or,**

'Tis you or Death must ease my misery ;  
One or the other I must surely have,  
You for my Wife or wed the fullen Grave :  
And till I know my doom, I must remain,  
Your slave to wear your chains & live in pain

J. B.

*The A N S W E R.*

S I R,

**Y**our Poetical Fancy is very great, I suppose much greater then your passion ; but if you are real, take notice I give you leave to hope, yet rely not too much upon that, for Womens minds are wavering: indeed I could have wished you had placed your affections some where else, for though I should admit you amongst the number of my Servants, 'tis ten to one whether you will ever have what you desire. This Letter how pleasing it may prove I cannot tell, I wrote it at the importunity of your Servant, which I had not done, but that he told me he should have but cold welcome if he returned empty handed : therefore take it as it is, and make what you can of it, whilst I rest entirely my own, to dispose of my self, when and where I have a mind to it.

A. G.

*The Perfection of Women-kind.*

**B**eauty with vertue joyn'd, is the bright jewel  
that makes the wise the softer sex esteem

For

**The Art of Courtship ; Or,**  
For those united lustre does unfold,  
Like flaming Diamonds in an Orb of Gold;  
The last may well consist without the first,  
But when the last is from the former thrust,  
Woman's no more, Women in vertue lies,  
That is the thing that only we should prize  
For if not so, a Picture that is fair,  
Conceited living, is a thing as rare.

**S O N G.**

To a pleasant New Tune.  
My Life & my death are both in your power  
I never was wretched till this cruel hour,  
Sometimes it is true, you tell me you love,  
But alas 'tis too kind for me ever to prove;  
Cou'd you guess with what pain my poor  
heart is oppress'd, (blest.  
I am sure my *Alexis* would soon make me

Distractedly Jealous I do hourly rove,  
Thus sighing and musing 'tis all for my Love;  
No place can I find that will yield me relief,  
My Soul is for ever entangl'd in grief;  
But if the kind Stars let me see him, O then  
I'll forgiv the cruel Author of all my *past pain*

*The Delights of Marriage.*

**H**ow happy *Celia* is it, now we are  
In wedlock joyn'd & made a happy pair  
Tis

### The School of Delight.

'Tis true, my *Strephon*, we have joys,  
That few the like can find ;  
A passion that no time destroys,  
Is fix'd in eithers mind ;  
'Tis for my *Celia*, mighty love has made  
Us blest, since we to him our Vows ha' paid  
this had not been, if you had prov'd unkind,  
this true content you ne'r before could find ;  
'Tis true, my *Strephon*, I had been  
In Ignorance till now ;  
These happy days I ne'r had seen,  
If I had kept my Vow :  
But now I find such solid bliss,  
That I'de not be a Virgin now,  
For all that I could wish ;  
Come *Celia* then let's to the shade,  
and solace in our love ;  
Thou shalt be yet more happy made,  
and I'll more constant prove.

### SONG.

Tune of, *Amoret and Phillis*.  
Young *Pheon* strove the bliss to taste,  
but *Strapho* still deny'd :  
She struggl'd long, the youth at last,  
lay panting by her side :  
Useless he lay, love would not wait,  
till they could both agree,  
They idly languisht in debate,  
when they should active be.

At

*The School of Delight.*

At last, come ruine me, she said,  
and then there fell a tear,  
I'll in thy Breast my blushes hide,  
it's all that Virgins fear :  
Oh that age could loves right perform,  
we'd make Old Men obey,  
They court us long, Youth loves to storm,  
then plunder and away.

The bashful lover have I seen,  
in raptures of surprize,  
Adore his Mistress like a Queen,  
and gaze upon her eyes :  
Then sigh, say nothing, and away,  
and leave th' insulting foe  
Proud in the conquest of the day,  
without ever saying no.

*Love's Power and cruelty.*

**L**ightning is swifter then the glance,  
Of charmin beauty, for tho' seen by chance  
It penetrates the Soul and fires the mind,  
That wretched Lovers no contentment find;  
But cruel torments, a tormenting grief,  
Seizes the wretch that's void of a relief.

*Courtship, what it is.*

**C**ourtship and good behaviour is the most  
accomplish'd way of adressing carriage in  
all



*The Art of Courtship; Or,*  
Ill Company, a Civil respect for Inferiours,  
and a due reverence and regard for Superiours,  
comely behaviour and modesty in Discourse  
and action; a moderate carriage, and not too  
much dejected, a temper suitable to all com-  
pany, and a mind not to be moved by passion,  
either of anger, joy or grief; not Loquacious  
but prudent and considerate, which are the  
chief Ornaments of either Sex, and gain a  
good repute amongst the wisest of men.  
A name you gain which time can never blast,  
A name that will remain till time is past.

*The Happy success; Or, Damaris and Rosa.*  
**D.** H! my Joy, you now are in my pow-  
**A**er, Love gives us opportunity, come  
be not coy, you are my own, although divided  
sometimes by our Parents.

**R.** Alas, I know not what you mean, though  
I confess I love you, and therefore am confi-  
dent you wont hurt me.

**D.** No, no, you need not fear that, my  
tender joy, for in hurting you I wound my self,  
come, come my little happiness, let us retire.

**R.** With all my heart, I know you will make  
much of me, and so long I am safe.

*The*

*The newest Directions for Carving Butchers  
Meat, Fowl, Fish and Pastery.*

**I**N a Loyn of *Veal*, it being decently cut in two, cut off that piece next the Kidney end and present it as the choicest piece.

A Leg of *Mutton*, being taken by the handle, turn your Knife on the inside as if you would slit it, then turn off to the left and turn out the Nut piece or the little Bone by the side of the handle, and present it as the most acceptable.

In a quarter of *Lamb*, you must divide the Shoulder from the Ribs, sprinkle some Salt thereon, and lay it in its place, then turning your knife under the handle, take off that part, and present it to your friend.

In a Haunch of *Venison*, turn your Knife in the middle, cut out a round piece; and with Sawce present it: the same cutting serves for a Gamon of *Bacon*, *Westphalia-ham*, &c.

A *Neat's Tongue* you must slit, and cutting it in thin slices, present it.

A *Pig* must be chined down the Back, the Head being cut off fair, the Ears laid upon the Shoulders, and the Jaws by the front; the Ears by Ladies being accounted best.

A *Pheasant* must be displayed, by entring the poynt of the Knife under the Legs and Wings, lacing the Breast, then be taken off and presented,

A

*Directions for Carving, &c.*

A *Turkey* must be Raised or lifted, by taking off the Legs and Wings, and lacing the Breast, taking the Merrithought, which is presented as the best piece.

A *Partridge* or *Plover*, must be minced, by lacing and cutting cross, taking off the Legs and Wings, presenting the Breast,

A *Heron* or *Bittern*, must be lifted, that is, by raising the Legs with the point of your Knife, lacing the Breast, taking off the Belly-piece and Merrithought. *Plover*, *Teal* and *Widgeon*, may be cut as *Pullets*.

A *Goose* must be taken off Wings and Legs, by a quick hand, with the point of a Knife the Merrithought raised, the breast laced, and the raised flesh taken off, the Belly-piece taken off and divided. As for *Pidgeons*, young *Chickens*, *Larks* and the like, they must be split or divided in halves, long-ways. A *Capon* or *Pullet* cut up like a *Goose*. The Wings of all Wild-Fowl are the best, and the Legs of Tame ones are so accounted.

A *Salmon* must be Chined, laid open, and sliced. A *Lober* must be Clawed and broken up, or slit. A *Venison Pasty*, or any large Pasty must be cut up in the middle of the Lid, the meat taken out with a Fork, and the Gravy with a Spoon, and so presented. As for lesser Pies and Tarts the lid must be

*The Signification of Moles.*  
intirely taken off, and the Filling served in  
Plates with part of the Lid or in-side crust.

*The Signification of MOLES in any part of  
the B O D Y.*

**A** Mole on the right part of the Forehead;  
signifies the party wise and Industrious.

A Mole on the left part of the Forehead,  
signifies the party to be of no great Ingenuity,  
but that the party shall be laborious and there-  
by get riches.

A Mole in the middle of the Forehead de-  
notes an indifferent Fortune, but that the par-  
ty shall be much beloved, and by that mean  
may doubtless attain preferment.

A Mole on the right Eye-brow, promiseth  
the party to gain Riches by Marriage.

A Mole on the left Eye-brow, threatens the  
first marriage unhappy, but the second plyant  
and easie.

A Mole on the Nose denoteth another on  
the privy parts, signifieth the party to be lust-  
ful and very desirous of Marriage.

A Mole on the Lip, signifies a sweet and af-  
fable temper, that the party has a good stroak  
at kissing.

A Mole on the Chin, or on one corner of the  
mouth, denotes Riches and honour, but that  
the party is somewhat Gluttonous.

*The Signification of Moles.*

**A Mole on the Throat,** threatens the party with Diseases, as Strangury Quinsie, &c.

**A mole on the neck behind** is dangerous, unless that danger of suddain death be averted by providence.

**A mole on the right Shoulder,** signifies the Favour of great Persons, and on the left, Servility and labour with many crosses,

**A mole on the back** signifies a good Name, and many Children.

**A mole on the middle of the Belly,** just by the Navel denotes an early marriage.

**A mole on the Privy-parts** denotes the party powerful in Venery, and promises many Children.

**A mole on the Buttock,** denotes the party to be of a plyant and affable temper.

**A mole on the right thigh,** denotes plenty and pleasure.

**A mole on the left thigh** signifieth the contrary.

**A mole on the Knee** signifieth the party is given much to Piety and devotion.

**A mole on the Calf of the Legg** signifieth the party will be subject to the Gout.

**A mole on the right Ankle** signifieth the party swift and industrious: On the left Ankle it threatens him with falling into the hands of Thieves and Robbers.

*The Signification of Moles, &c.*

A mole on the right Foot signifies the party shall travel on honourable occasions.

A mole on the left foot, denotes to a Woman much danger in Child-birth, and to a Man much pain in Travel. *Cum Multis Alias.*



*A Discourse of DREAMS, and their  
INTERPRETATIONS.*

**T**O Dream you see white Hens upon a Dunghil, signifies Disgrace by some false accusation.

To dream one is in a pleasant Meadow, signifies the possession of Riches, and the advantage of pleasure.

To dream one fights and overcomes, is to have the advantage over ones Adversary in Law Suits or otherwise.

To dream it Thunders and Lightens, is a figure of approaching sickness.

To dream two Lovers meet and have not power to speak to each other, denotes the match will be broken off by the means of their Parents.



To Dream you see Death in sickness, and that he flies you is a sign of recovery.

To dream of Kisses and Embraces signifies suddain Marriages.

To dream you are dead and laid out, signifies a dressing for the Nuptials.

To dream of gay Cloathing, and that upon your back they turn to rags, signifieth poverty.

To dream one is with Child and knows not the Father, denotes her Marriage with a stranger.

To dream one sees the Sun in it's brightness, signifies the favour of Great ones.

To dream a Ring drops off ones Finger, denoteth a disapointment in Love.

To dream one has a Garland of Flowers brought and presented, denotes he or she will have the Party desired.

RECEIVED

# A Song of COURTSHIP.

To the Tune of, State and Ambition.

Sweet my Ambition is only to love ye,  
Your Beauty's so lovely it doth me surprize;  
Let my fair Mistriſs my gentle ſighs move ye;  
Who long have a Captive been to your fair eyes;  
Wiſhing no greater bliſs then to adore ye,  
So ſweet is the pain I in languiſhing find,  
No beauty had power to wound me before you,  
Then Gentle dear Virgin come ſmile and be kind.

Lilly's and Roſes ſhall ſhadow our pleaſure,  
Fair Flora whoſe ſweets ſhall perfume our ſoft Bed,  
Whiſt in my kind arms I hug my dear treaſure,  
Till Bluſhes created by fear are all fled.

*Maid.*

Since you'r ſo kind I cannot reſuſe ye,  
A conqueſt great love in my heart now has made,  
No longer kind Sir 'tis I mean to abuſe ye,  
Then cheer up your Spirits and be no more ſad.

Though Virgins a while may ſtand at a diſtance,  
They cannot be cruel when true love is found,  
Their hearts they grow tender and looſe all reſiſtance,  
When patience and conſtancy gives them a wound.

*Man.*

Bleſt be the moment that gave me the bleſſing,  
To make me ſo happy beyond all degree,  
A joy that is worth a Monarchs poſſeſſing,  
Love mighty Love has now heap'd upon me.

J J J S.



[illegible]